

POVERTY TO WEALTH—RISE OF JOE RIVERS

Los Angeles, July 2.—Time, three years ago. Place, Al Greenwald's cigar store on Spring street.

Enter a little stocky Mexican boy wearing a dirty, frayed gray sweater.

Inside stood Uncle Tom McCarey, fight promoter, pulling his mustache fiercely. It was the day before a boxing contest at the old Naud Junction pavilion and one of the principals had failed to show up.

Max Weber, a sturdy featherweight, was billed to appear in a twenty-round contest and his opponent had disappeared.

"Where can I get a good boy to go on with Weber?" raved McCarey, as he did much business of walking up and down.

The little stocky Mexican lad tugged at McCarey's sleeve and, pulling off his ragged cap, smiled ingratiatingly.

"I will take him on, Senor McCarey."

"Who in Sam Hill are you?" snapped McCarey, looking at the little ragged figure.

"I am Jose Rivers, a very strong boy and good fighter," answered the Mexican lad.

Two fight fans who were present told what they had seen the little Mexican do in street scraps and in contests before the local athletic clubs.

"Will you box Weber tomorrow?" asked McCarey, finally.

"Con mucho gusto, Senor," eagerly cried the little Mexican lad.

"Well, show up tomorrow at least a half-hour before the contest so we will be sure you are on hand," and McCarey started away.

Again there was a little Mexican lad tugging at his sleeve.

"Well, now what do you



Joe Rivers.

want?" asked McCarey, turning to face the Mexican boy.

The latter hesitated a few moments and then blurted out that he did not have car fare to go out